

**Come To Me!**  
Come to me!  
Come to me in thy brightness and sweetness,  
Come to me in thy spirit's completeness,  
Come on the wings of love's magical sweetness,  
My heart longs for thee.  
Come to me!  
Come when my feelings are solemn and prayerful,  
Come when my heart is weary and careful,  
Come when my eyes with sadness are tearful,  
My soul yearns for thee.  
Come to me!  
Come when the morning in brightness emerges,  
Come when the noontide with ardency urges,  
Come when the night-billow solemnly surges,  
My being calls for thee.  
Come to me!  
Oh, haste in thy coming—oh, darling one,  
Quicken,  
Oh, come to this breast with care sadly stricken,  
I wait for thy coming—I languish and sicken,  
For sore need of thee.  
Come to me!  
Though time fade, though distance disprove,  
Soul may meet soul in loving endeavor;  
Come to me, come to me, now and forever—  
I'm waiting for thee.  
Come to me!  
Let me but feel thy true arms around me,  
My soul shall know peace that seldom hath found me,  
No peril shall chill, no sorrow shall wound me,  
Leaving as this.

**A JURYMEN'S STORY.**  
We had been out of court twenty-four hours, and stood eleven to one. The case was a very plain one—at least, we eleven thought so. A murder of peculiar atrocity had been committed; and though no eye had witnessed the deed, circumstances pointed to the prisoner's guilt with unflinching certainty. The recusant juror had stood out from the first. He acknowledged the cogency of the proofs, confessed his inability to reconcile the facts with the defendant's innocence, and yet, on every vote, went steadily for acquittal. His conduct was inexplicable. It could not result from a lack of intelligence; for, while he spoke but little, his words were well chosen, and evinced a thorough understanding of the case. Though still in the prime of manhood, his locks were prematurely white and his face wore a singularly sad and thoughtful expression. He might be one of those who entertained scruples as to the right of society to inflict the death penalty. But no, it was not that; for, in reply to such a suggestion, he frankly admitted that brutal men, like the vicious brutes they resemble, must be controlled through fear, and that dread of death, the supreme terror, is, in many cases, the only adequate restraint. At the prospect of another night of fruitless imprisonment we began to grow impatient, and expostulated warmly against what seemed an unreasonable capriciousness; and some not over kind remarks were indulged in as to the impropriety of trifling with an oath like that under which we were acting. "And yet," the man answered, as though communing with himself, rather than repelling the imputation, "it is conscience that hinders my concurrence in a verdict approved by my judgment."  
"How can that be?" queried several at once.  
"Conscience may not always dare to follow judgment."  
"But here she can know no other guide."  
"I once would have said the same."  
"And what has changed your opinion?"  
"Experience!"  
The speaker's manner was visibly agitated, and we waited in silence the explanation which he seemed ready to give. Mastering his emotion, as it in answer to our looks of inquiry, he continued:  
"Twenty years ago, I was a young man just beginning life. Few had brighter hopes. An attachment, dating from childhood, had ripened with its object. There had been no verbal declaration and acceptance of love—no formal pledging of troth; but when I took my departure to seek a home in the distant West, it was a thing understood, that when I had found it and put it in order, she was to share it. Life in the forest, though solitary, is not necessarily lonesome. The kind of society afforded by nature, depends much on one's self. As for me, I lived more in the future than in the present, and hope is an ever-cheerful companion. At length the time came for making the final payment on the home which I had bought. It was, therefore, by my own; and in a few more months my simple dwelling, which I had saved no pains to render inviting, would be graced by its mistress.  
"At the land-office, which was some sixty miles off, I met my old friend, C—. He, too, had come to seek a fortune in the West; and we were both delighted at the meeting. He had brought with him, he said, a sum of money which he desired to invest in land, on which it was his purpose to settle. I expressed a strong desire to have him for a neighbor, and gave him a cordial invitation to accompany me home, giving it as my belief that he could nowhere make a better selection than in that vicinity. He readily consented, and we set out together. We had not ridden many miles, when George suddenly recollected a commission he had undertaken for a friend, which would require his attendance at a public sale on the following day. Expecting a promise that he would not delay his visit longer than necessary, and giving minute directions as to the route, I continued my way homeward, while he turned back.  
"I was about retiring to bed on the night of my return, when a summons from without called me to the door. A stranger asked shelter for himself and his horse for the night. I invited him in. Though a stranger, his face seemed not unfamiliar. He was probably one of the men I had seen at the land-office—a place, at that time, much frequented. Offering him a seat, I went to see his horse. The poor animal, as well as I could see by the dim light, seemed to have been hardly used. His pained sides bore witness of merciless riding;

and a tremulous shrinking, at the slightest touch, betokened recent fright. On re-entering the house, I found the stranger was not there. His absence excited no surprise; he would doubtless soon return. It was a little singular, however, that he should have left his watch lying on the table.  
"At the end of half an hour, my guest not returning, I went again to the stable, thinking he might have found his way thither to give personal attention to the wants of his horse. Before going out, from mere force of habit—for we were as yet uninitiated by either thieves or policemen—I took the precaution of putting the stranger's watch in a drawer in which I kept my own valuables. I found the horse as I had left him, and gave him the food which he was now sufficiently cooled to be allowed to eat; but his master was nowhere to be seen. As I approached the house, a crowd of men on horseback dashed up, and I was commanded, in no gentle tones, to 'stand!' In another moment I was in the clutches of those who claimed me as their 'prisoner.'  
"I was too much stupefied at first to ask what it all meant. I did so at last, and the explanation came—it was terrible! My friend, with whom I had so lately set out in company, had been found murdered and robbed near the spot at which I, but I alone, knew we had separated. I was the last person known to be with him, and I was now arrested on suspicion of his murder. A search of the premises was immediately instituted. The watch was found in the drawer in which I had placed it, and was identified as the property of the murdered man. His horse, too, was found in my stable, for the animal I had just put there was none other. I recognized him myself when I saw him in the light. What I said, I know not. My confusion was taken as additional evidence. And when, at length, I did command language to give an intelligent statement, it was received with sneers of incredulity.  
"The mob spirit is inherent in man—at least, in crowds of men. It may not always manifest itself in physical violence. It sometimes contents itself with lynching a character. But whatever its form, it is always relentless, pitiless, cruel.  
"As the proofs of my guilt, one after another, came to light, low mutterings gradually grew into a clamor for vengeance; and but for the firmness of one man—the officer who had me in charge—I would doubtless have paid the penalty of my supposed offense on the spot. It was not sympathy for me that actuated my protector. His heart was as hard as his office; but he represented the majesty of the law, and took a sort of pride in the position. As much under the glance of his eye as before the muzzle of his pistol, the cowardly clamorers drew back. Perhaps they were not sufficiently numerous to feel the full effect of that mysterious reflex influence which makes a crowd of men so much worse, and at times so much better, than any one of them singly.  
"At the end of some months my trial came. It could have but one result. Circumstances too plainly declared my guilt. I alone knew they lied. The absence of the jury was very brief. To their verdict I paid but little heed. It was a single hideous word; but I had long anticipated it, and it made no impression. As little impression was made by the words of the judge which followed it; and his solemn invocation that God might have that mercy upon me which man was too just to vouchsafe, sounded like the hollowest of hollow mockery. It may be hard for the condemned criminal to meet death; it is still harder for him who is innocent. The one, when the first shock is over, acquiesces in his doom, and gives himself to repentance; the heart of the other, filled with rebellion against man's injustice, can scarce bring itself to ask pardon of God. I had gradually overcome this feeling, in spite of the good clergyman's irritating efforts, which were mainly directed towards extracting a confession, without which, he assured me, he had no hope to offer.  
"On the morning of the day fixed for my execution, I felt measurably resigned. I had so long stood face to face with death, had so accustomed myself to look upon it as merely a monetary payment, that I no longer felt apprehensive. But my moment should one day be vindicated. She for whom I had gone to prepare a home, had already found one in heaven. The tidings of my calamity had broken her heart. She alone, of all the world, believed me innocent; and she had died with a prayer upon her lips, that the truth might yet be brought to light. All this I had heard, and it had soothed as with sweet incense my troubled spirit. Death, however, unwelcome the shape, was now a portal, beyond which I could see one angel waiting to receive me. I heard the sound of approaching footsteps, and nervously myself to meet the expected messenger. The door of my cell opened, and the sheriff and his attendants entered. He held in his hand a paper. It was doubtless my death-warrant. He began to read it. My thoughts were bled elsewhere. The words 'full and free pardon' were the first to strike my preoccupied senses. They affected the bystanders more than myself. Yet so it was: I was pardoned for an offense I had never committed!  
"The real culprit, none other, it is needless to say, than he who had sought and abused my hospitality, had been mortally wounded in a recent affray in a distant city, but had lived long enough to make a disclosure, which had been laid before the governor barely in time to save me from a shameful death, and condemn me to a cheerless and burdensome life. This is my experience. My judgment, as yours, in the case before us, leads to but one conclusion, that of the prisoner's guilt; but not less certain, and apparently unerring was the judgment that falsely pronounced my own."  
We no longer importuned our fellow-juror, but patiently awaited our discharge, on the ground of inability to agree, which came at last.  
The prisoner was tried and convicted at a subsequent term, and at the last moment confessed his crime on the scaffold.  
The man who could not express his feelings sent them by mail.

**A Boy's Composition.**  
LOBSTERS.  
It is curious about those fellows that they never get their natchel culler till they have been biled awile in ot water, but wne have been dun that they git red like sealn wacks, but you wudnt stick a nonlop with lobsters. Wot I won to knoe is what lobsters is, for they aint fishes, and they aint beastes, and they aint a bird, cos they don't lay eggs and fl. Its no good askin my father, cos he dede say you go and fetch me a nice one biled, and he see if I can flee out for you, Johnny. He helps me lither, my father does, about rithn this than all most any body, and I don't see he is much use any how. If I was my mother I wud throw her away.  
A wicked fellow he that it wud be a funny thing to give his girl a boquoy of posies with a lobster into it, wich wud pinch her nose, but wile he was a takin it to her house he forgot and smelt it his own self, and wen he was a howlin cos the lobster had got him, a pleesaman come up and said wot was the matter. But wen he see the lobster a hangin on the mans nose, for the flours had fel of, he said the pleesaman did, yu don't you say a hanchef, you dirty feller, and wen the man said how can I, the pleesaman he said you shet up, I was a tokkin to the lobster.  
Uncle Ned he says lobsters is the best drivers in the world, for there aint no animal but wich will go wen a lobster takes hold of their tails and tells 'em to gee up. Once thero was a lobster and a dog, and they bot a fite. But fore they began the lobster, wich was in the water got down close to the bottom, and said now come on. But the dog it said you know wel cant I cant git at you, you got to come on your own self. Then the lobster it said how cud it git out on the bank, you put your tail in the water and give me a lift. So the dog did, and the lobster take hole of the dogs tale and pinched as hard as ever it coud, and the dog struck out a cro the fls, yelpin pretty loud I can tel you, and drom the lobster behine. Wen it had run til it cudden go no more it stop, and there wasnt no lobster left excoj jus one of its cloz, wich fel wen the dog stop. Then the dog see it and said you mean little feller, you have spile a nice fite between me and a lobster!  
Wen you see a lobster in the water it is all ways on the pint of swimmin real fast, for it keeps a backin and a backin to git to the lake side, but I never see one yet wich cud make up its mind to be off. One kind is call a grayfish, the mosse folks col it croffish. If I cudnt say things rithn I sell out, thats how I look at it.

**A Swiss Washerwoman.**  
To a smoke-stained Londoner the exquisite purity of the homespun Swiss linen is a constant wonder and reproach. And yet scarcely a wonder, if he chance to sit by the lake side, say at Brienz, on a sunny morning, and watch the proceedings of the little Swiss maiden in straw hat and black velvet bodice with the silver chains, who is plying her occupation of laundress. She had paddled her boat far out into the lake and is letting it drift with the current. In the boat beside her is a pile of freshly-washed linen, glistening like snow in the sunlight. But its whiteness does not content her. As the boat moves lazily along, each separate piece of linen is thrown into the lake and trailed slowly through the blue water, blue as ever painted. Still she is not quite satisfied. She takes perhaps three or four handkerchiefs in her hand at a time, and literally throws them overboard in such a manner that the spectator on the bank cannot but breathe a fervent hope that they may not be his own property. But before he has time to frame his wishes into words she has caught them again with a dexterous sort of *legerdemain*, and the process is repeated again and again. And all the while the black velvet-bodied maiden, with the glittering silver chains and pins, shoves sleeves and round, white arms, if she be a true Brienz maiden, is singing like a very nightingale.  
During the war of the Revolution, while the British occupied the city of New York, an English officer of rank gave an entertainment to which several American officers, who were prisoners, were invited. Among them was Colonel John Lowry, of Concord, a man eminently distinguished for his bravery, and for his many good qualities of head and heart, but uncouth in speech, unrefined in manners, and not at all versed in the polished ways of society. He had been a sailor in other years, and the stamp of the sea was still upon him. The English officer who was host of the festive occasion had two grown-up daughters—one of them distinguished for her exceeding and faultless beauty, while the other was not only quite plain, but had a glaring defect in one of her eyes.  
After the removal of the cloth many sentiments were drank, and among them several highly complimentary to the beautiful daughter of "Our Host." Col. Lowry, with that chivalrous devotion to the fair sex which is characteristic of truly brave men, feeling that the other daughter had been sadly neglected, when called upon by the host, gave as his sentiment—  
"Your daughter, sir."  
"Which one?" asked the parent.  
"The one with the cock-billed eye, sir!"  
Well-meaning and gallant, but very plain-spoken.

**Death Traps.**  
The case of the typhoid epidemic at a school in Burlington, N. J., deserves mention as one of hundreds of similar occurrences and from similar causes. The water is reported as foul, the out-houses were neglected, and there was neither proper drainage nor ventilation. It has always been remarked that "mysterious visitations of Providence" follow such violations of the simplest laws of health. Cleanliness must go before culture, and neither French nor music can do pupils much good if they are not provided with pure air and clean water and protected from poisons. There are death-traps enough without having them set in boarding schools to snatch our daughters away at the most interesting period of life.

**MANUFACTURING INTERESTS.**  
**How They Appeared in an Editor—The Prospects Ahead.**  
There are indications that some of our largest manufacturing interests begin to feel the relief of getting down to hard pan, says the Springfield Republican. There is great difficulty in securing a continuation of the agreements to curtail production. Those industries, particularly, which have confined wages to the level of the market, are in a position of extreme scale of profits and production. The paper manufacture is no longer carried at a dead loss, at least, and the cotton mills are generally running full time, with reductions in wages. The market for cotton goods has been relieved of the surplus and, in general, the textile markets are not overstocked with manufactures. During the year, raw cotton has fallen 11 percent in price, and the manufactured article quite as much; brown sheeting, for instance, 12 percent, prints five or six percent, and denims 12 1/2 percent. Both the manufacturing and the trading interest have weathered the double embarrassment of a dull year and a great cotton crop successfully. Nevertheless, it is not to our credit that foreign nations should still be able to supply us with \$23,230,000 worth of cotton goods, as they have the past year through the port of New York alone. This is a reduction of \$5,400,000 from the importation of the same class of goods two years ago. Again, our exportation of cotton goods is nothing to what it may become under fair financial conditions. All told, it amounts to only \$3,000,000, and a very small share of this to the rest of America. We buy \$80,000,000 worth of sugar and tropical products from Cuba, for instance, and sell her only \$63,000 worth of cottons. Now, it is evident that every breech-cloth and shirt in the American tropics ought to come off from our looms.  
Improvement in manufacture is most discernible in woollens, although the woolen manufacturers claim to be more depressed than the cotton. American dress goods and cloths are gradually superseding the foreign. American silks, too, are received with increasing favor. The importation of silks at New York for the past two years has fallen off one-fourth in value, and not, we suspect, in amount, as the reduction in the price of silks must have sustained the total consumption, if not increased it. It is singular injustice, by the way, that most serviceable of all fabrics should be habitually denominated as "foreign-goods."  
One of the most striking features of American manufactures at this moment is the rapidity of their western development. The prosperity of the West during the past year has greatly aided that development. The Chicago Tribune claims that nearly the entire bulk of the ready-made clothing sold in that city, amounting for the past year to \$13,000,000 wholesale, is made up in that city and employs from 3,000 to 5,000 hands. The Chicago makers confirm the character of the clothing to the climate of the consumer, whether it be Michigan or Texas, while eastern makers attempt to strike an average, they say. The first western felt-hat factory has just been opened at Chicago. Nearly all the men's heavy wear of boots and shoes sold in Chicago are now manufactured there. This business has grown fully one-third in the past year, and competition with the East has been greatly aided by a reduction of 15 percent in wages. The reputation of St. Joseph-made boots is not second on the plains to those from any quarter. The boot and shoe manufacture is likely to tend westward, where the hides are and where the leather will ultimately be tanned. A great cluster of iron industries has gathered at Chicago, which have produced, this past year, \$25,727,000 worth of goods, against \$22,100,000 in 1873, the reduction being in the price rather than in the quantity of the goods manufactured. Farm implements and wagons show a great increase, but carriages, which are of the nature of luxuries, a falling off; 15,000 reapers have been made, an increase of one-third, which is attributed to the English demand for American machines to take the place of the striking agricultural laborers. This is a curious controversy of private interests, that the English farm-hand, striking for higher wages and threatening to immigrate to America, should be beaten out of his position by American reapers and other products of Yankee ingenuity. We shall finally corner poor Hodge, and make him immigrate to us or starve. This theory has some confirmation in the report of the bureau of statistics, which show that of the \$3,310,000 worth of agricultural implements sent abroad, last year, \$371,000 went to England; \$1,353,000 also went to Germany, doubtless displacing some of the countless German immigrants to this country.  
The wide geographical distribution of the few manufactured goods which we export indicates that the whole world is open to us, when we have reformed our currency and moderated and simplified our tariff, so that it will not defeat its own object. To give a few additional instances: 1783 railroad cars went abroad, last year, averaging about \$1,500 each in value, some of them going to England and Germany, many of them to the Dominion, and 386 to Chili; of the \$17,700,000 of iron and steel goods, England took \$1,250,000, two-thirds of which was steel, while Germany took about the same amount, two-thirds iron, and nearly every country in the world took some; \$1,500,000 worth of sewing machines is not included in the above, half of which went to England and Germany. We believe that without any legislation to foster special interests, but simply by our return to a sound currency, healthy industrial conditions and honest administration, we shall be able to extend the sphere of our international trade vastly.

On the other hand, England is now in the depths of a coal and iron depression quite as great as that in America. Men are left out of employment by the hundred, though in some cases, by returning to ten hours a day and submitting to great reductions in wages, works are kept open. At Sheffield this state of affairs is attributed to continental competition and the introduction of machinery, as well as to the failure of the American market. The hammer-men, for instance, employed in the manufacture of iron rails, have been displaced with the introduction of machinery. The labor straits in South Wales and the north of England were not exaggerated by us in anticipating them; the other day, and at last accounts there was little prospect of a settlement.  
**Thoughts for Saturday Night.**  
Temptation is never dangerous until it has an inside accomplice. Sin within betrays the heart to the outside assailant.  
If to-morrow you should want, your sorrow would come in time enough, though you do not hasten it; let your trouble tarry till its own day comes.  
The joy resulting from the diffusion of blessings to all around us is the purest and sublimest that can ever enter the human mind, and can be conceived only by those who have experienced it.  
Idleness is the devil's slave that swallows up all virtues, and the self-made sepulchre of a living man. The idle man is the devil's urchin, whose lively is rage, and whose diet and wages are famine and disease.  
What we habituate ourselves to admire, we love to associate with; and what we associate with, we gradually imitate, and adopt its features into our lives. They who associate with the good are much stronger than they who alone go out to fight the evil.  
Enjoy the present, whatever it may be, and be not solicitous for the future; for if you take your foot from the present standing, and thrust it forward to tomorrow's event, you are in a restless condition. It is like refusing to quench your present thirst by fearing you will want to drink the next day.  
Were the happiness of the next world as closely apprehended as the felicity of this, it were a martyrdom to live; and unto such as consider none hereafter, it must be more than death to die, which makes us amazed at those nudities that dare be nothing and return unto the chaos again.  
Every true hero grows by patience. People who have always been prosperous are seldom the most worthy and never the most strong. He who has not been compelled to suffer has probably not begun to learn how to be magnanimous, as it is only by patience and fortitude that we can know what it is to overcome evils, or feel the pleasure of forgiving them.

**Taking a Cold.**  
This is the season for taking cold—first a few snapping cold days, then a long spell of damp, foggy weather, so mild that winter garments feel oppressive, and yet one does not dare to take them off. When some unfortunate sits with throbbing brow, stuffed head, sore throat, and a venacious little cough, when alternate chills and fever fits run over his whole body, and he feels "most miserable," if anything in the world can interest him, it is the flood of remedies suggested by sympathizing friends, or the "certain cure for colds" which meets the eye in almost every newspaper of the day. Pages would not be sufficient even to give a brief mention of all these remedies—allopathic, homoeopathic, hydropathic—for a cold is one of the most common as well as one of the most uncomfortable of the ills to which flesh is heir. Not long ago we read somewhere an article on "How to avoid taking cold"—a practical point which everybody would like to understand for his own personal comfort. The general idea advanced was that when the body is at its prime, with youth, vigor, purity of blood, and a good constitution on its side, no ordinary exposure will cause any unpleasant effects; indeed, ordinary precautions against colds may be disregarded without danger. But when the blood is impure, the body disordered, and the vigor of life begins to wane, then colds will be developed upon the slightest provocation and without any known exposure. It frequently seems as though no degree of care will prevent a person with a feeble constitution from "taking cold," as it is termed. To be secure from this evil the vital processes must be strong and in healthy action. Consequently the best way to avoid taking cold is to build up a good constitution by obeying all the laws of health. Those who are permanently and incurably weak and feeble must doubtless submit to their fate. They must carefully guard against exposures—and even then will doubtless be afflicted with "colds."  
**Forgiveness of Injuries.**  
An editor of a weekly paper, published in a little village in Missouri, called at the White House, and was admitted to see Mr. Lincoln's presence. He at once commenced stating to Mr. Lincoln that he was the man who first suggested his name for the Presidency, and pulling from his pocket an old, worn, defaced copy of his paper, exhibited to the President an item on the subject. "Do you really think," said Mr. Lincoln, "that announcement was the occasion of my nomination?" "Certainly," said the editor, "the suggestion was so opportune that it was at once taken up by other papers, and the result was your nomination and election." "Ah! well," said Mr. Lincoln with a sigh, and assuming a rather gloomy countenance, "I am glad to see you and to know this, but you will have to excuse me, I am just going to the War Department to see Mr. Stanton." "Well," said the editor, "I will walk over with you." The President, with that apt good nature so characteristic to him, took up his hat and said, "Come along." When they reached the door of the Secretary's office, Mr. Lincoln turned to his companion and said, "I shall have to see Mr. Stanton alone, and you must excuse me," and taking him by the hand he continued, "Good-bye; I hope you will feel perfectly easy about having nominated me; don't be troubled about it; I forgive you."  
**War Claims Against the United States.**  
On the first day of January, 1874, the unsettled balance in favor of the State of New York, of its war claims against the United States, was \$1,209,286.11. Since that time another installment of over \$34,000 has been presented to the Treasury Department. In the unsettled balance above stated, is included a claim for \$181,188.02 interest on Comptroller's bonds, which cannot be paid without legislative action.

**Clipping Horses.**  
The man who really loves his horses, says *Turf, Field and Fa-m*, does not require to be told that the clipped animal suffers severely if allowed to stand uncovered in the bleak air of winter. But, unfortunately, there are a good many people who have come into the possession of quick-stepping horses who have no real affection for the animals which serve them, and in whom the delicate sense of humanity is blunted. These people care more for show than comfort, and they will keep a clipped horse shivering all day in the chilly streets. In some cases they may tie a small blanket over the loins, but it never enters into their heads to more fully protect the shorn equine. Now, clipping is an excellent thing when practiced with judgment, but it is nothing short of cruelty when made indiscriminate. The heavy horse which does slow work should never be deprived of his natural coat of hair. As he has to face all kinds of weather and does not warm his blood by violent exercise, a long and thick coat of hair is essential to his health and comfort. But with the light, active horse it is different. We take him from the warm stable, give him a merry spin over the road, and for the time being are done with him. If his hair is long the lungs are taxed more severely in aerating the blood, the pores of the skin in a measure become clogged and at the end of the drive he is enveloped in a wet mass. To dry him we must rub him for hours with cloths, and subject him to other inconveniences. If we do not rub him dry, he will shiver all night in his stall, just as you, Mr. Querist, would be were you compelled to try and woo balmy sleep between a pair of wet blankets. It is directly the opposite with the clipped horse. When waiting forth his best effort he breathes freely, perspires naturally, and there is no hair to absorb the moisture, he quickly gets rid of the sweat drops. You put him into his stable after a hot drive, and then, with a little grooming, he is ready for the blanket and a comfortable night's rest. It stands to reason, however, that the clipped horse should not be tied under a roadside shed without being carefully covered with woollen clothing, nor should he be forced to shiver through a stretch of two hours in the carriage traces waiting for my lady to finish her gossiping call upon some gossiping friend. If you clip your carriage horses, you should make it your business, on descending to the pavement from your coach, to see that your driver throws heavy blankets over the shorn animals. To allow the poor equines to stand unprotected in the cold winter air is to practice downright cruelty.

**A Marvelous Escape.**  
One of the most marvelous escapes from death we have ever had occasion to record, comes to us from San Benito, California. A few nights ago, as two little boys, sons of Judge Brown of that locality, were sleeping in a cabin a short distance from their father's residence, a limb of a tree fifteen inches in diameter at the butt, broke off and fell, striking the hut point foremost, completely demolishing it. A stub of the branch, some six inches in diameter, penetrated the bed on which the boys were sleeping, passed between them, going through the bed clothes and mattress, through the floor and into the earth at least eighteen inches. Neither of the boys were injured, excepting a few slight scratches. The cabin was torn to pieces, and the boys were so completely covered in the debris of boards and branches as to be unable to extricate themselves until assisted by their father, who was doubtless only too glad to perform that duty. That the little fellows were not crushed to death is one of those strangely fortuitous circumstances which very rarely occur.

**Taking Account of Stock.**  
The New York Times, referring to the fact that merchants are now busy taking stock to discover their assets, and balance their books for the year, remarks: "The probability is that the stock-accounting this January will show a great decrease in the amount of goods on hand in the city. The year, too, stocks are generally light. The reduction of stocks throughout the country, the stoppage or diminished working time of the manufacturing, and the disposal of the stocks in the hands of New York merchants, have brought the market into a healthy condition, and prepared it for rapid improvement in all its branches when renewed activity springs up. This is a view of the situation that the business man has the best of ground for taking, and from which he can gather justifiable hope for the future, even though his balance sheet for the year 1874 does not show that large sum of profit which it had displayed on previous Januarys.

**A Prompt Congressman.**  
A newly-elected Congressman of Wisconsin is much annoyed because of this story about himself in the Beaver Dam paper: The Hon. — read in the paper that Congress was to assemble Dec. 7, so he packed up his clean linen, and, with his wife and one or two children, started for the National capital in time to claim his seat in the House of Representatives at the opening session. After his arrival there it did not take him a great while to learn that school would not begin for him until the 4th of March. He returned home after an absence of about three weeks, and finds it hard to convince his friends that he was only just visiting in Missouri.  
**The Dog Star.**  
The observations of Sirius, the dog star, have been made by Mr. Wilson, of Rugby, whose results vary materially from those heretofore obtained by Astronomers. Sirius revolves about the constellation Canis major, as a faint companion star whose mass, according to Mr. Wilson, is nearly equal to that of our sun, while the mass of Sirius is twice as great. The minute appearance of the companion is not due so much to its inferiority in size, therefore, as to the superior brilliancy of Sirius—200 times greater than that of the sun—caused by its higher temperature.  
The high price at which ice was kept during last summer makes it not unpleasant to hear that some of the companies burned their fingers by holding it up.

**The Golden Side.**  
There is many a rest on the road of life, If we only would stop to take it; And many a tone from the better land, If the querulous heart would wake it. To the sunny soil that is full of hope, And whose beautiful trust ne'er faileth, The grass is green and the dowers are bright, Though the wintry storm prevailed.  
**Items of Interest.**  
Advice to husbands—Settle as much money upon your wife as you can, for her next husband, poor fellow, may not have a sixpence.  
You may do a man a thousand favors and offend him once and he will never forgive you for the one offense; it outweighs all the favors.  
An Indiana judge has decided that if a woman will shorten pie crust with butter at thirty-eight cents a pound, her husband has good cause for divorce.  
That farmer understood human nature who said: "If you want to keep your boy at home, don't bear too hard on the grindstone when he turns the crank."  
Pay up all the little bills without growling, and remember, during the new year, that little extravagances inevitably bring their penalty. If it is hard to make the ends meet, don't try to cut such large garments from such a small supply of cloth.  
A party of famished immigrants from South Carolina arrived at Dallas, Texas, the other day. The starving mothers could hardly hold their half dead infants, and the wailing of the children for warmth and food was piteous in the extreme.  
On arriving at Calais on her way to make the grand tour, an English lady was surprised and somewhat indignant at being termed, for the first time in her life, "a foreigner." "You mistake, madame," said she to the libeler, with some pique, "it is you who are the foreigners. We are English."

In Sacramento one day the people were puzzled and amused at seeing the police compel every Chinaman to stop and show the bottoms of his feet. The officers would hold up one foot, after the manner of a horse-shoer, and critically examine the sole of the shoe. The explanation was that a shoe store had been robbed by Chinese burglars, and the dealer's stamp was on all the stolen goods.  
"You have a pleasant home and a bright fire, with happy children sitting around it, haven't you?" said the judge. "Yes, sir," said Mr. Thompson, who thought he saw a way out of the difficulty. "Well," said the judge, "if the happy children sit around the cheerful fire, until you return, they will stay there just 43 days, as I shall have to send you up for that time."—*Cin. Times.*  
Mrs. Kenniston, who had been married only a year, and was only seventeen years old, was left by her husband in Nobleboro, Maine, while he went on a business visit to England. The other day she received news of his death, and her grief was intense. She had a bottle of composition for removing freckles, one of the ingredients of which was an acid, and of this she drank enough to kill herself.  
Solheim said in a speech at the benefit of a certain stage manager in Birmingham, England: "He and I attacked the dramatic profession on the same night some twenty years since, he as a prompter, I as the ghost in 'Hamlet.' He was then the very worst prompter I ever saw. After the performance he gently and most kindly intimated to me that I was the most fearful actor he ever witnessed."

**In Search of His Valise.**  
An individual, who made his appearance at one of the principal hotels in San Francisco a few days ago, evidently seemed to be a little bewildered. He was well-dressed and seemed to be a man of some intelligence. He was first observed scanning the arrivals in the register, but as soon as he could catch the eye of the clerk he made him a signal to indicate a desire to speak to him. When the clerk came he remarked to him, "Stranger, I've lost my valise and I want to know if it is here." The clerk said he did not know, and inquired of him when he left it and what kind of a valise it was. "Well," says the stranger, "I got in last night; came from Nevada; went to some hotel; went out on the other fellow's road, left my valise and then we all went out around, you know, and we took so many 'miles' that I really don't know whether I left it here or at some other hotel, and just thought I would inquire at all of them until I found it. Was I here last night?" The clerk assured him that he had never set eyes on him before, and the strange individual turned slowly away, remarking, in an undertone, "I reckon I may as well give it up; this makes the sixth hotel I've been to this morning, and they all say they never saw me before."

**Another Mother of Criminals.**—The Kingston Freeman says: "The Margaret spoken of in the papers as the founder of a long race of criminals, has a relative in Ulster county, at present in the county jail, by the name of Phoebe Robinson, better known perhaps as Aunt Phoebe Robinson. Her maiden name, we believe, was Delamater. She is forty-five years old, has had thirteen children, the greater number of whom have been inmates of various prisons in the State, four of them now being in the House of Refuge. She has one child with her in jail, about two years old, which she has named Napoleon Cesar Bonaparte."

**Washing Cotton Goods without Injuring the Color.**—Add to rain-water so hot that the hand cannot be held in it an amount of warm beer equal in weight to one-eighth of the fabric to be cleaned, and after stirring out the foam, add the goods, and stir them about with a clean stick, and bring the whole to a boil. Allow this to cool until the articles can be washed out as usual, after which rinse them well, and dry. They will be as pure as if soap had been used, and it is said that the colors will be uninjured.